R.M. 5.d.19
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L'ALLEGRO,

IL PENSEROSO,

ED

IL MODERATO.

By MILTON.

Set to Muſick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

With the After-pieces

ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MUSICK OF BONDUCA,

AND

CORONATION ANTHEMS.

LONDON:

Printed, by Aſſignment from the Heirs of Meſſrs. Tonſon and Watts, for T. and W. LOWNDES, No. 77, in Fleet-ſtreet.

[Price Sixpence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM
ROYAL MUSIC LIBRARY

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus* and blackeſt Midnight born,
In *Stygian* cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy!
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the Night-raven ſings:
There, under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Hence! vain, deluding joys,
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay Motes that people the ſun-beams;
Or likeſt hovering Dreams,
The fickle penſioners of *Morpheus'* train.

AIR.

L'All. *Come, thou Goddeſs, fair and free,*
In heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men heart-eaſing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, *at a birth,*
With two Siſter-Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore.*

AIR.

Il Pen. *Come rather, Goddeſs, ſage and holy;*
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight:
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta, *long of yore,*
To ſolitary Saturn *bore.*

AIR.

L'All. *Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,

Such

Such as hang on Hebe's *cheek,*
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his ſides.

CHORUS.

Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter holding both his ſides.

AIR.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light, fantaſtic toe.

CHORUS.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light, fantaſtic toe.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure;
All in a robe of darkeſt grain
Flowing with majeſtic train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait;
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy wrapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes.

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet;
Spare Faſt, that oft' with Gods doth diet.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Hence, loathed Melancholy!
In dark *Cimmerian* deſert ever dwell.
But haſte thee, *Mirth!* and bring with thee
The mountain nymph, ſweet *Liberty.*
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy crew,*
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull Night;
Then to come, in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. Firſt, and chief, on golden wing,
The cherub *Contemplation* bring;
And the mute ſilence hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night.

AIR.

AIR.

Sweet bird, that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft' the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-ſong:
Or, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
O'er the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon
Riding near her higheſt noon.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy crew,*
To liſten how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouze the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing ſhrill.

AIR.

Il Pen. *Oft' on a plat of riſing ground*
I hear the far-off curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow, with ſullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Let me wander, not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green:
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe;
And the mower whets his ſcythe;
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

AIR.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd ſhade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

END of the FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE! vain, deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred;
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
O! let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unſphere
The ſpirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook.

AIR.

But O! ſad Virgin, that thy power,
Might raiſe Muſæus *from his bower!*
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus *ſing*
Such notes, as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's *cheek,*
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft' see me in thy pale career,
Till unwelcome Morn appear.

AIR.

L'All. *Populous cities pleaſe me then,*
And the buſy hum of men.

CHORUS.

Populous cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights, and barons
bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Reign influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen *oft' appear*
In ſaff'ron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſque, and antique pageantry;
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer-eves, by haunted ſtream.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in cloſe covert, by ſome brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,

AIR.

Hide me from Day's gariſh eye;
While the Bee, with honied thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let ſome ſtrange, myſterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, ſweet Muſick, breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to mortal's good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

L'All. *I'll to the well-trod ſtage anon,*
If Johnſon's *learned ſock be on;*
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *Fancy's child,*
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

AIR.

AIR.

And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian *airs:*
Sooth me with immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of Harmony.

DUET.

As ſteals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the ſhades away,
So Truth doth Fancy's charms diſſolve,
And riſing Reaſon puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Reſtoring intellectual day.

AIR.

Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with thee I mean to live.*

CHORUS.

Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with thee we mean to live.*

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſter's pale;
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillar's maſſy proof;
And ſtory'd windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim, religious light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In ſervice high and anthem clear;

SOLO.

And let their ſweetneſs through mine ear
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

AIR.

Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chuſe to live.

CHORUS.

Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And we with thee will chuſe to live.

END of the SECOND PART.

IL MODERATO.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

HENCE! boaſt not, ye prophane,
Of vainly-fancy'd, little-taſted pleaſure,
Purſu'd beyond all meaſure,
And by its own exceſs transform'd to pain.

AIR.

Come, with native luſtre ſhine,
Moderation, *grace divine!*
Whom the wiſe God of Nature gave,
Mad mortals from themſelves to ſave.
Keep, as of old, the middle-way,
Nor deeply ſad, nor idly gay;
But ſtill the ſame in look and gait,
Eaſy, chearful, and ſedate.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Sweet *Temp'rance* in thy right-hand bear,
With her let roſy *Health* appear;
And in thy left *Contentment* true,
Whom headlong *Paſſion* never knew:

Frugality

Frugality by *Bounty*'s ſide,
Faſt friends, tho' oft as foes bely'd;
Chaſte *Love*, by *Reaſon* led ſecure,
With joys ſincere, and pleaſures pure:
Happy life, from Heav'n deſcending,
Crowds of ſmiling years attending.

CHORUS.

All this company ſerene
Join to fill thy beauteous train.

AIR.

Come, with gentle hand reſtrain
Thoſe who fondly court their bane;
One extreme with caution ſhunning,
To another blindly running.
Kindly teach, how bleſt are they
Who Nature's *equal rules obey;*
Who ſafely ſteer two rocks between,
And prudent keep the golden mean.

RECITATIVE.

No more ſhort life they then will ſpend
In ſtraying farther from its end;
In frantick mirth, and childiſh play,
In dance and revels night and day;
Or elſe like lifeleſs ſtatues ſeeming,
Ever muſing, moping, dreaming.

AIR.

AIR.

Each action will derive new grace
From order, meaſure, time, and place;
Till Life, *the goodly ſtructure, riſe*
In due proportion to the ſkies.

L'Allegro *and* Penſeroſo.

As ſteals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the ſhades away,
So Truth *does* Fancy's *charms diſſolve,*
And riſing Reaſon *puts to flight*
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Reſtoring intellectual day.

CHORUS.

Thy pleaſures, Moderation, *give;*
In them alone we truly live.

FINIS.

A

SONG

FOR

St. CECILIA's DAY.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Univerſal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And could not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In Order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Thro' all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The Diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

AIR 1.

What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*
When Jubal *ſtruck the corded Shell,*
His liſt'ning Brethren ſtood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial Sound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*

AIR. 2.

The TRUMPET's *loud Clangor*
Excites us to Arms
With ſhrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms,
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring Drum
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge; charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

AIR.

AIR 3.

The ſoft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes diſcovers
The Woes of hopeleſs Lovers,
Whoſe Dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling LUTE.

AIR 4.

Sharp VIOLINS *proclaim*
Their jealous Pangs and Deſperation,
Fury, frantic Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful Dame.

AIR 5.

But, oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The ſacred ORGAN's *Praiſe!*
Notes inſpiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly Way,
To join the Choirs above.

AIR 6.

Orpheus *could lead the Savage Race:*
And Trees unrooted left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r;
When to her ORGAN, Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtrait appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Power of ſacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's Praiſe,
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful Hour;
This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The TRUMPET *ſhall be heard on high,*
The Dead ſhall live, the Living Die,
And MUSICK *ſhall untune the Sky,*

FINIS.

MU-

MUSIC of BONDUCA.

By PURCELL.

CHORUS.

HEAR us, great Rugwith, hear;
Defend thy Britiſh Iſle;
Revive our Hopes, diſperſe our Fear,
Nor let thine Altars be the Roman Spoil.
Deſcend, ye Pow'rs divine, deſcend
In chariots of Ætherial Flame,
And touch the Altars you defend;
O ſave us, ſave our Nation, and our Name.

AIR.

O! lead me to ſome peaceful gloom,
Where none but ſighing Lovers come;
Where the ſhrill Trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal Huſh goes round.

There

There let me ſooth my pleaſing pain
And never think of War again.
What Glory can a Lover have,
To conquer, yet be ſtill a Slave?

A I R.

Hear, ye Gods of Britain, hear us this Day;
Let us not fall the Roman Eagle's Prey.
Clip their Wings, or chaſe them Home,
And check the tow'ring Pride of Rome.

RECITATIVE.

Divine Andate, Preſident of War,
The Fortune of the Day declare.
Shall we to Romans yield?
Or ſhall each Arm that weilds a Spear,
Strike it thro' a maſſy ſhield,
And dye with Roman Blood the Field?

A I R.

Genius of England from thy pleaſant Bow'rs
Of Bliſs ariſe, and ſpread thy ſacred Wings
Guard from Foes the Britiſh State,
Thou on whoſe Smile does wait,
The uncertain happy Fate,
Of Monarchies and Kings.
Then follow brave Boys to the Wars
The Laurel you know is the Prize;
Who brings home the nobleſt Scars
Looks fineſt in Celia's Eyes.
Then ſhake of the ſlothful Eaſe,
Let Glory inſpire your Hearts,
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
Is the nobleſt of all other Arts.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Go—March—Defend a Patriot Throne,
Spirit to Gallic Slaves unknown
A King of Freemen will approve;
Bleſſings by your Valour won
Shall deſcend from Son to Son;
Virtue ſhall your Memory love,
Shall boaſt each Conflict you ſuſtain'd
Shall hallow every Wreath you gain,
And eager Praiſe be proud to own
'Twas THEN you fought, 'twas THEN you ſhone,
When George and Charlotte reign'd.

DUETT.

Let Cæſar and Urania live
Let all delights the Stars can give
Upon the Royal Pair deſcend;
Let Diſcord to the Shades be driven,
While Earth and Sky our Songs attend,
And thus our loyal Vows aſcend.——
O Preſerve them Heaven!

DUETT and CHORUS.

To Arms, your Enſigns ſtraight diſplay,
Now ſet the Battle in Array,
The Oracle for War declares,
Succeſs depends upon our Hearts and Spears.
Britons ſtrike home, revenge your Country's Wrongs;
Fight, and record yourſelves in Druids Songs.

FINIS.

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CORONATION ANTHEMS.

Compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

ANTHEM I.

LET thy hand be ſtrengthened, and thy right-hand be exalted.

Let juſtice and judgment be the preparation of thy ſeat

Let mercy and truth go before thy face.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah

ANTHEM II.

The King ſhall rejoice in thy ſtrength, O Lord! exceeding glad ſhall he be of thy ſalvation: Glory and great worſhip haſt thou laid upon him.

Thou haſt prevented him with the bleſſings of goodneſs, and haſt ſet a crown of pure gold upon his head.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah

ANTHEM III.

My heart is inditing a good matter, I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the king.

King's daughters were among thy honourable women Upon thy right-hand did ſtand the queen in a veſture o gold.

And the king ſhall have pleaſure in thy beauty. Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and queens th nurſing mothers.

ANTHEM IV.

Zadock the prieſt, and Nathan the prophet, anointe Solomon king.

And all the people rejoiced and ſaid, God ſave th King, long live the king; may the king live for ever Amen. Hallelujah.

FINIS.

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